

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,
A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖον ἐστίν.”

PLAT. *Phædo*, sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

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We have been half inclined to print our present number on rose-coloured paper, as emblematic of our editorial blush on delivering so much hereby to our readers. Agreeably with our intention, announced in the last number, we give a translation of M. Jules Maurel's anti-Mozartian doctrines, as published in "*La France Musicale*," and insert two letters from native assailants of the great German. We can only hope our next will be more orthodox.

It would be no difficult task to answer most of M. Maurel's disquisitions, as far as they have yet seen the light. Thus he is deficient in fair dealing when he compares the relative fecundity of Mozart and Haydn, without taking into consideration the duration of their respective careers, and we do not admire the splenetic and laboured dissection of such pieces as "*La ci darem*," "*Batti, batti*," "*Fin ch'han dal vino*, &c." pieces which Mozart himself never meant to be anything else than "*jolies bluettes*," or composed with a well-advised simplicity, as characteristic of an artless peasant girl.

But we forbear further comment at present hoping that these diatribes will rouse the mettle of some of our classical correspondents, to whose tender mercies we commit the delinquents.

M. Maurel's writings have excited the wrath of "*La Gazette*," another Parisian musical journal, published at Schlesingers, and of course, German all over. He is now replying to an article in this paper.

"Whence all this indignation at a newspaper article? What is there so audacious and unreasonable in pretending that Mozart is not the pearl of musicians? Have centuries yet consecrated the name of Mozart? Has the author of *Don Juan* yet won the three thousand years of immortality which Homer enjoys? His immortality is but just beginning—exactly forty-seven years have elapsed

VOL. XIII.—NEW SERIES, VOL. V.

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since the death of this composer. Forty-seven years are not forty-seven centuries!

"Let us confine ourselves to the question. Mozart had a prodigious musical organization—he was in some measure an universal musician—he has composed some fine symphonies, quartetts, and quintetts; he has interspersed his dramatic works with great beauties. So far all are agreed. Such are his titles, and nobody dreams of contesting them. But has he placed himself in the first rank? I say no, nor does he occupy it in any one branch of composition. His relative value is considerable; his absolute value diminishes daily. Before entering on a minute examination of Mozart's works, let me recapitulate shortly the assertions in my first article.

"Has Mozart composed 118 symphonies, as Haydn has? No. Are the symphonies of Mozart as fine, as various and as brilliant as those of Haydn? No. His ultra-admirers reckon but three very remarkable. Have the symphonies of Mozart obtained the success of those of Haydn? No—and success in the musical world, and in all other worlds, is a formidable argument. Let us not forget that Haydn is here the inventive, Mozart the imitative genius. Mozart then remains at an immense distance from Haydn, touching the number of their productions. He was neither so fertile, nor so original, and has been far from obtaining the same success.

"Can the symphonies of Mozart sustain a parallel with those of Beethoven? No. Has he the grandeur, the verve, the eccentricity of Beethoven? No. Has he produced as great effects? has he obtained the same electrifying success? No.

"Mozart is not then a first-rate writer of symphonies. He is surpassed at once by Haydn in the old, and by Beethoven in the modern school. His symphonies are fine, certainly, but that is not the question.

"Are the sonatas of Mozart worth the sonatas and studies of Clementi? No. Are his concertos worth those of Hummel, or even those of Steibelt? No. Then Mozart is not a first-rate piano composer.

"Are the fugues of Mozart worth the fugues of Handel or Sebastian Bach? Certainly not. Then Mozart is not a first-rate composer of fugues.

"Is the Requiem of Mozart worth the Requiem of Cherubini? No. But it is not yet clearly proved that this Requiem belongs to Mozart. This is one of the interesting questions which his works offer to criticism—it shall be sifted with attention. Mozart then is not a first-rate sacred composer.

"Are the quatuors and quintetts of Mozart worth those of Haydn and Beethoven? No. Some few are fine. Haydn is far superior in the invention, variety, and freshness of his melodies; Beethoven in the originality and elevation of his ideas. Mozart, then, is not first-rate in quatuor and quintett.

"Are Mozart's serious operas worth those of Gluck? No. Are his comic operas worth those of Cimarosa and Paisiello? No. Are his melodies noble and touching like those of Sacchini; brilliant and well-accented as Piccini; melancholy and pastoral as Paisiello; lively and comic as Cimarosa; sprightly as Gretry? No. Then Mozart is not a first-rate dramatic composer. I have not spoken of modern writers.

"Let us add that Mozart owes most of his popularity to pretty trifles (*jolies bluette*) : *Don Juan* is the single work which fills the stage with *eclat* at the present day, and this opera is filled with pieces of very limited range.

"*'La ci darem,'* which every body knows by heart, is a piece of ten lines. It is in A major, and with the exception of four bars in D, alternates from the tonic to the dominant; the principal melodic phrase is repeated seven times, the responding phrase falls on the chord of the 6th and 4th—one of the most common traits of Italian melody. The movement in ♩ is composed of nine cadences in A, and two in D; *voilà tout*.

"This melody is agreeable, but there are plenty of romances as agreeably written; of invention, of effect, of development of musical idea, there is not a particle: yet it enjoys a prodigious celebrity.

"*'Batti, batti,'* is a pretty air, but after the appearance of the first idea, there is naught. The theme is varied in a very ordinary manner on repetition; the finale in ♩ is filled up with a passage for the violoncello; but there is no melody in the vocal part.

"*'Fin ch'han dal vino,'* is an air of character, and lively and spirited, but this again is a mere trifle *une jolie bluette*.

"The famous air of the *Zauberflöte*, '*O dolce concerto,*' contains sixteen bars.

"All these pieces, which are nearly all that have obtained popular success, might be perfect in their kind without placing Mozart in the ranks of great dramatic composers. A good couplet is not worth a fine lyrical composition; and whatever Boileau may have said, a faultless sonnet is not worth a long poem.

"Other pieces of Mozart, cited by artists, make no impression on an audience; they please musicians—not the mass. The trio of the commandant, *Don Juan*, and *Leporello*, in the first act is in a fine style—but it is not popular—there are but eighteen bars of it.

"The only well-developed air in *Don Juan*, is that of *Leporello*, '*Madamina;*' it produces but little effect.

"We shall examine separately the statue scene and the grand finale.

"Such is the summary of opinions which I give, not as good in themselves, but as my own neither more nor less. I respect all convictions; I seek not the paltry *éclat* of paradox; and I declare that my opinion is the result of long and conscientious labour."

THE MOZART CONTROVERSY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—As you have invited correspondence on the subject of Mozart, perhaps you will give admission to the following crude and ill-digested ideas, which I have thrown together much less with a view of influencing others than of provoking the criticism and correction of more experienced writers. I have not seen the strictures of M. Jules Maurel; but am perfectly free from prejudice, and must confess, *imprimis*, that though I think Mozart cannot be degraded to the rank of a second-rate composer, yet he does not appear to me deserving of all that fanatic admiration with which he is regarded by many dilettanti, and even professors. It makes one stare, indeed, to be told that he is not original; but

the question as to whether he has been excelled by other writers in every species of composition certainly opens a field for discussion. Arrange your first class as you will, and put Mozart in it; there will still be shades and degrees of excellence among the Emeriti; and my present impression is that Mozart has been excelled by others in every branch of musical writing.

To begin with sacred music. Nobody will deny his inferiority to Handel, whose supremacy in choral writing has indeed been acknowledged in pithy sayings by Haydn, Mozart himself, Beethoven, Weber, and other first-rate judges. But Mozart's *Masses*, "me judice," cannot compete with those of Haydn, Beethoven, and Hummel. The best of them are the *Requiem*, and "No. 12." Of the former it is difficult to speak, for we cannot apportion the respective shares of Mozart and Süssmayer. "No. 12" is a grand and imposing work, but unequal; for though the fugue, "Cum sancto spiritu," is perfection, yet the *Kyrie* and *Benedictus* are too much spun out, the "Quoniam tu solus" rather trivial, and the conclusion quite unworthy of the rest. Thirteen other masses are known in England, in many of which delicious *morceaux* are to be found; but there is scarcely one that will stand as a whole, or arrogate the title of a first-rate mass. Few of them are performed at our catholic chapels, being too short for the average length of a service. In Italy, Pergolesi, Jomelli, and Allegri have written finer church music.

Let us now view him as an instrumental writer. Here he is much less assailable; but having once begun, I shall go the whole hog, and say that he has been beaten in symphony and quartett by Beethoven, and in overture by Beethoven and Weber. The two symphonies in C major, that in G minor, and in D are indeed splendid works, but they will not stand against Beethoven's *Sinfonia Eroica*, the *Pastoral*, and others. A symphony by Mozart and one by Beethoven have often met in the same concert, and as often has the latter taken the shine out of the former. I believe most professors agree on this point. As to his overtures, two of them are weak and puerile, viz. the *Idomeneo*, and *Così fan Tutti*; the better ones are the *Zauberflöte*, *Don Giovanni*, and *La Clemenza*; but surely these cannot compete with Beethoven's *Egmont* and *Fidelio*, or Weber's *Der Freyschutz*, *Oberon*, and, finer than all, the *Ruler of the Spirits*.

Now for his operas. Two only of them present sufficient attractions for frequent performance—*Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*. *Figaro* can scarcely be called a comic opera, though its subject is essentially so. It may be heard all through without a hearty laugh; it has none of the exhilarating sparkle of Rossini. It affords perhaps a deeper gratification in the graceful flow of its melodies with their luxuriant accompaniments, but there was nothing of the *buffo* about Mozart's genius.

The rule "Qualis ab incepto" obliges me to carp at *Don Giovanni*. To this opera the palm has usually been conceded over all others; it is the great corner-stone of Mozart's dramatic reputation. But is not the greater part of it merely beautiful chamber music? Is there any one scena or aria in the grand style of some modern writers—Weber for example? Is it not greater as an instrumental than as a vocal work, and is not this a fault in an opera?

A modern audience is accustomed to a higher degree of excitement than Mozart's operas will produce. We require that the characters of the drama be agitated by stronger emotions, and that the war of conflicting passions be more energetic and sustained. Much histrionic display is demanded of our singers, and we listen with comparative listlessness to vocal music, which, however beautiful in itself, does not admit of such exhibition. Mozart was generally unfortunate in his subjects, and having lit on a good one does not appear to have written up to it. Thus we know that in the composition of the *Idomeneo* he had every stimulus to the production of a first-rate opera that could be supplied by love, ambition, profit, and a noble subject. But the result is tame and unsatisfactory. *La Clemenza* is a charming opera, teeming with fascinating melody; but the elevation of style is not uniform nor is it sufficiently stirring. The music of the *Zauberflöte* is very unequal, and the subject wholly devoid of interest. The *Seraglio* and *Così fan Tutti* are by no means first-rate works.

To whom, then, shall I point as realising the *beau idéal* of vocal and orchestral composition? To whom but to poor Weber, whose loss to the musical world is

unmeasurable and infinite. With all the resources of science at command, his melodies are at once elevated, impassioned, and inspiring, seeming indeed the reminiscences of some happier antenatal state of being. One might fancy that his consumptive malady, which limited his earthly career, was alleviated by inspirations from worlds beyond the skies, and consoled by the prospect of admission to the celestial choirs.

There are living writers who appear to me possessed of greater dramatic genius than Mozart. Those who unhesitatingly crown the amorous *Don* should at least be familiar with the *Faust* of Spohr, and the *Robert* and *Huguenots* of Meyerbeer.

The long and short of this twaddle *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis* is an attempt to show that Mozart has been excelled in the church by Handel, in the concert room by Beethoven, and on the stage by Weber.—Yours, &c.

INDAGATOR.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The first article in your last number was, if you will pardon the comparison, like the cock-crowing which announces the approach of day. For years have I contended, almost single-handed, against overwhelming numbers; for the truth of what you there denominate heresy, and now I find my own long-cherished opinions expressed with the minutest accuracy in the few lines of M. Jules Maurel's with which you have favoured your readers. I shall look with the utmost impatience for the promised translations of his papers, and, meanwhile, accept of your invitation, by troubling you with a remark or two of my own upon the subject.

In this country the great mass of professors and amateurs with whom I am acquainted are hedged round with an impenetrable barrier of ignorance and prejudice with regard to the character of Mozart as a composer. Educated from infancy in the firm belief that he is established for all eternity on the throne of composition—at any rate of dramatic composition—many of them refuse to hear the productions of the great Italian *maestri*, who alone are capable of disputing the palm of opera writing with their idol. In the comparatively limited circle of my acquaintance, I know numbers who, in the whole course of their lives, have never once entered the walls of the Opera-house except when *Don Giovanni* or *Figaro* was performed, and who have the audacity to pronounce Mozart immeasurably superior to all other composers—while they are brutally and besottedly ignorant of the divine operas of Rossini, or of the charming though simple strains of Bellini. These gentlemen will talk most fluently in condemnation of works of which they have never heard one single note, but of which at the same time, if they knew every bar they would be incompetent judges for want of possessing a sufficiently elevated and passionate musical organization. I will take one or two of the qualities which go to constitute a great composer and compare Mozart in those points with others. For the sake of convenience I will select one of his operas as a *cheval de bataille*, and *Don Giovanni* is universally allowed to be the finest as well as the best known of the set. Now I will grant that, compared with the *Fidelio* of Beethoven, the *Euryanthe* of Weber, or the cumbrous lucubrations of Spohr, Mozart's *chef-d'œuvre* contains a vast deal of what is usually termed melody; but if he excels his compatriots in this respect, is he not himself excelled in a much greater degree both as to quantity and quality by the composer of *Tancredi*, *Semiramide*, *La Cenerentola*, or *Il Barbiere*? There has always appeared to me to exist a stiffness, squareness, quaintness, and formality about the Mozartian melodies which contrast very unfavourably with the unrestrained and graceful fluency displayed in the airs of even second-rate Italian composers.

Neither my time nor your space, Mr. Editor, will allow me to do more than just to hint at the different points of the subject, and I therefore pass rapidly on to the question of harmony. *Don Giovanni* contains nothing whatever deserving the name of a chorus, so that it lacks the most potent arm of the learned contrapuntist (how different in this respect from *Guillaume Tell*!), but upon its instrumentation I have one remark to make. In music, as in all the fine arts, I

have always understood the greatest genius was shown in producing broad and striking effects by the simplest means; but here we find everything reversed, the means are somewhat elaborate and complicated—the effect, feeble and minute. The concerted pieces generally are insipidity itself when compared with the brilliant quartets, quintets, and finales of Rossini. There is one *morceau* indeed, the sextett, “Sola, Sola,” which I have always thought a happy effort, but one or two pieces will not make an opera. If they could, then I should say that John Barnett ought to take the place of Mozart, for I never heard anything on the stage which I thought superior to the “Fortune-telling scene” in the *Mountain Sylph*, with its exquisite harmony—its indomitable fire—its startling effects, and the magnificent fugue at its conclusion—not to mention some other pieces in the same opera only inferior to this.

But Mozart is so original! Is he? But is he as unlike Haydn as Haydn was unlike his predecessor in orchestral music, or Rossini his in dramatic? But Mozart is so various! Is he as various with his eight operas as Rossini with his eight-and-thirty? Has he not his perpetually recurring phrases—and his mannered terminations? Will any body talk about his variety within a week of having yawned out one of his operas? I think not.

I have been writing with Mozart's greatest work in my mind, but what am I to say about the others? If *Don Giovanni* is dull, in my judgment *Figaro* is duller—and the *Zauberflöte* dullest of all. *Così fan Tutti*, and the *Seraglio* succeed only in sending the most inveterate Mozartist to sleep—and the *Clemenza di Tito*, no manager dares to play. Then there are his *Messes*. I have heard five or six of them, and have thought one of Haydn's or Beethoven's worth the whole lot. His Symphonies, Quartets, &c. &c. stand with me in much the same predicament; and as to his one specimen of Oratorio writing, that is given up by his most bigotted devotees. To sum up the whole—when I want to enjoy choral effects, “the lofty fugue,” and the stern sublimity of pure church music, I go to Handel; when I require profound and vigorous German harmony and artful instrumental combination, I look to Haydn and Beethoven;—but when I am in the humour for the feminine graces of music—for the sweet and the brilliant—the pathetic or the gay, I find them all by turns in the operas of Rossini and Bellini.

I should be sorry, however, if, in avoiding one extreme I should fall into another. The injustice of which those are guilty who seek to erect a statue for Mozart upon the ruins of greater composers, shall not make me unjust to the object of their over-acted enthusiasm. If I deny his right to the first rank, I will as strenuously assert his pretensions to the second. If he is feeble when compared with Rossini, he is strong when placed by the side of Mayer, Winter, and other gentlemen of that kidney. If he vacillated between different schools, he had some features of individuality—if he borrowed much, he had also much that was his own. He might be frequently dull and mechanical—but he was free from the stilted pretensions to inspiration which disgrace so many of his successors, and though the general level of his style was prosaic, he occasionally rose above himself and was great for a time without effort or affectation. I have praised his “Sola, Sola,” but the air, “Il mio tesoro,” has not often been surpassed. The *Zauberflöte* overture must command the admiration of all musicians, for its clear and artist-like treatment of a beautiful subject; the quintett, “Sento O Dio!” from *Così fan Tutti*, is fine—the *Jupiter Symphony* and the *Requiem* contain isolated passages of elevated beauty. All these and some others, though in my humble judgment insufficient to give him an equality with, far less a superiority over the mighty masters of song, are quite enough to secure for him a mitigated glory as a genius, of the second order, indeed, but still a genius. Did space permit, I would enter into a consideration of the fortuitous circumstances which may have produced this over-estimation of Mozart's talent, which undoubtedly exists in England and some parts of Germany, but from which I believe the rest of the civilized world to be free; I am afraid, however, that I have already trespassed too long on your attention, especially as the readers of the “Musical World,” will have an opportunity of hearing the opinions of, doubtless, a much abler critic than myself. I am, Sir,

Your's, &c.

BROWN.

THE ACADEMIE ROYALE DE MUSIQUE, OR GRAND OPERA OF PARIS.

At Paris, as in England and Italy, the Opera is not only a theatrical exhibition, it is also a place of rendezvous; but at Paris more than elsewhere it is a theatrical exhibition; hence what is called the *Foyer de l'Opera* and its celebrity. In Italy society repairs in the evening to the theatre; but music is but the pretence; it is scarcely, if at all, listened to. The theatre contains neither a *balcon*, amphitheatre, nor galleries, but two things only—boxes and the pit. In the spacious pit a few standing spectators move about, attending at a given moment to the cavatina, or the singer in favour. The boxes are, really, not boxes; but little drawing-rooms, closed and completely separated, elegantly furnished, supplied with curtains, armchairs, divans, and a table for cards, or ices, and chocolate. The evening is spent in visits from box to box; every box belongs to some illustrious family, and is a property, whereby the whole house is at the mercy of the box-owners. Masters at home, they receive, converse as they list, and nobody finds fault with it, not even the Austrian police, which cares but for the control over the dramatic pieces, and would not meddle with the privileges of the theatre. Something must, indeed, be left to poor Italy.

In England the Opera—we do not mean the inferior places—is occupied by great or rich families. The boxes are not so spacious as those of the Italian theatres, but they are more so than ours; and Old England, whose ears are not very *dilettanti*, whatever she may do, does not yet pay much serious attention to the singing and opera. It is not *ennui* or the want of something to do that drives the company of an evening to the theatre, but etiquette, and, still more, fashion. The Opera is still in England an aristocratic amusement; the other classes, indeed, take their share of it, but at such distant places as not to compel the lords of the place to attend to the performance. With this public of passage alone has the stage business to deal; the boxes are occupied with visits and conversation.

At Paris there is nothing like it. The equality proclaimed by the charter, if not everywhere a practical truth, is at least such at the theatre. The pit does not receive the law from the boxes: the floating and renewed public shares with the public that possesses, and does not suffer its share to be made unequal. How Paris obtained its musical taste it would not be easy to explain, but certain it is that Paris rose from its sleep one morning, *dilettante*, between the fiddles of its beggars and its Barbary organs. After creating the Vaudeville, and singing romances and *pont-neufs* for thirty years together, no music is grand enough for us, and we have become Germans to our very teeth. The Opera, whose superb solitude and royal *ennui* were almost proverbial, has become too narrow for the crowd which throngs it whenever the performances present any attraction. Who remembers not the vogue of the Opera Comique? The Feydeau Theatre then kept the Grand Opera in check, and severely struggled with its magnificence. Those times are now no more. The Opera Comique, thanks to the talent of a consummate cantatrice,* still attracts a sufficient number of hearers, and reckons honourable receipts; but the Opera Comique is no longer the fashionable theatre, and its music is no more proclaimed the *national style*. The Opera has substituted itself for its ambitious vaudevilles, dethroning two royalties—Feydeau and the Théâtre Français.

In the last years it is to the Italian Opera that the crowd has rushed with most fury. It would appear that five months before the opening of the season all the boxes were hired. But behold its vicissitudes! Two years ago, after a performance of *Don Juan*, on a cold night, which had frozen the fountains, a fire broke out, and devoured between its four walls, that heap of boards, canvas, and pasteboard which is called a theatre. The management, whose license was expiring, would not go to the expense of building a new house. An untenanted one, situated at the other end of Paris, was offered by the Chamber of Peers (to whom it belongs) to the Italian company, and Favart (it was last year) migrated to the Odeon. Here the vogue forthwith declined: boxes were easily to be pro-

* Madame Damoreau Cinti.

cured; and if at the moment we are writing the Italian Opera had no better spot to pitch its tent upon, we doubt that any crowd would assail the box-office. It must, indeed, be owned that the Odéon is by its situation too remote from the haunts and habits of elegant society. The house has no very fair fame. It retains too many recollections of plebeian turbulence, and, as it were, a smell of *mauvais ton*. What is still worse is, that horses suffer from its distance. Carriages must be sent back to the civilized region in order to return later to those confines of Parisian life, unless they be long exposed unsheltered to the cold or inclemency of the weather. Yet autumn approaches, and the Italian company have as yet no theatre. Applicants for the privilege are, to be sure, not wanting. The rapid fortune of better times tempts them vastly, and they offer to build a theatre at their own expense without any annual allowance from the Government. Nothing better; but the present management has a winter more to live. Where is it to be spent? Upon that point rests the life or death of the Italian company. Last year was a severe one to them. Let them have such another winter and they will not survive.

But it is high time to return to the Grand Opera, and to its *Foyer*, whereby we wandered out of it. At the London Opera there is no *Foyer*, or rather none is wanted, because conversations are carried on in the boxes in spite of the pit. At Paris the pit, which will hear, would openly silence the boxes, and so would the galleries as well as all the seats of new spectators. To the *Foyer* conversation must therefore betake itself. It is at the *Foyer* that, during the play, diplomatists, deputies, financial men, illustrious names, and the well-known faces of the *avant-scenes*, meet, seek for the evening's news, and beforehand discuss the political questions to be agitated next day. When the *entr'acte* comes on the place is abandoned to a mixed public and ill-informed foreigners, who, on the authority of fame, hasten to the *Foyer*, and are much surprised to find in the way of promised wonders a long gallery very indifferently ornamented, with a ceiling of painted paper and red curtains, the whole well suited enough to a "Salon de Noces et Festins."

The house is fine enough, and, above all others, favourable to *toilettes*. The gallery paintings, in imitation of a red and blue cashmere felicitously bring them out. It would be superfluous to detail all the boxes by their names; they are, besides, generally empty at this season, or, which is the same thing, lent to faces which can present no interest. Our boxes are narrow and most of them open; and, though visits are exchanged in them, they are not quite convenient and comfortable. In the middle of the house, in front of the stage, are the King's three boxes. They are contrived so as to form but one when, according to the official expression, his Majesty honours the Opera with his presence. The partitions are moveable, and resume their places on other nights. There are then three boxes with which the King favours the persons of his Court, or such foreigners of distinction as visit Paris. After the King's box the *avant-scene* is most deserving of notice. Just ascend the stage with us for a moment. At your right is the Duke of Orleans' box, hung with light blue damask and curtains. It has a private entrance. Over it and under it are two boxes of *dandies*. The owners of the second box of the tier above, towards the stage, are of the same description. Here sits in judgment upon *débutans* of both sexes an awful areopagus. The three boxes we advert to have immediate interests in the theatre. It is a sort of counter-management, whose sentences are law. Their influence predominates over the noisy patronage of the *claqueurs*, or rather, the cabal, which knows full well the ground, ventures not an useless struggle. When these three boxes applaud, the impulse is felt, and the acclamations of the pit break forth. Elegant men of the world, our Opera dandies ornament together a pretty little drawing-room, decked with satin, damask, and wax-lights, which is situate behind their boxes, and whither they retire to play whist and chat.

Close to the Duke of Orleans' box is that which was formerly called the journalists' box; it is daily attaining, by its influence, the rank of the dandy boxes. Beneath that box is the second of the ground floor. It is the box of the commission appointed to watch over the due employment of the allowance yearly granted by the Chambers to the Royal theatres. The owner is now the Duke de Coigny, who is president of the commission since the death of the Duke de

Choiseul. And now turn to your left, it is a divided box. In another season you would, on lowering your eyes, perceive in it one of the handsome women of France. Further on, still keeping your eyes down, you will descry a celebrated dancer, who long wielded, without a rival, Titania's wand, but who has been dethroned by Madlle. Taglioni. Now come back towards the stage: above, and on a level with the Duke of Orleans' box, is that of the Marquis de L—— (the Marquis de Las Marismas, or M. Aguado), who formerly owned the one which the Prince Royal now occupies. The Prince having expressed a wish to have it, the Marquis courteously hastened to give it up to his Highness, and took his present one. The Marquis de L——, of whose gallery of pictures everybody has heard, and who is passionately fond of the fine arts, and full of taste in theatrical matters, employs his leisure hours in extending a sort of patronage over our Opera. Following the same tier, you will perceive several Deputies much occupied with dancing and music, who have come to study on the spot the question of the Royal theatres. It is said that the long and able speech delivered on the subject in the late discussion of the budget was drawn up in that very box. Above it is a box belonging to men of no peculiar stamp, and, as you return towards the stage, one which presents more interest. This is a splendid fortune, commercially made, but royally spent. It is the owner of that box and fortune who has hired the Palace of Rambouillet for his hunting parties, and who has rendered them magnificent. You will at once know whom we mean when we add that he has a charming wife, who heightens the *eclat* of so much wealth.

To touch the *coulisses* question would require a volume. Admission behind them is, besides, a favour rather niggardly vouchsafed. In Italy it is almost a common right. Here but a few privileged elect are admitted into that Oriental paradise. We need not say that *façades* in the enjoyment of this bliss are the *avant-scenes*. After an *aria* or a new *pas* the boxes descend to the *coulisses*, and distribute the praise or disapprobation awarded by the aforesaid arcupagus.—*French Paper.*

WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Wednesday Morning.—Haydn's *Creation*, and a selection of sacred music formed the programme of this morning. The parts were assigned as follows:—*Gabriel*, Miss Clara Novello; *Uriel*, Mr. Bennett; *Raphael*, Mr. Phillips; *Eve*, Miss Woodyatt; *Adam*, Mr. Machin.

In the magnificent opening to this oratorio, Mr. Baumann's bassoon told very finely and won for him the approbation of the Worcester folks, to whom this was his first visit. It is quite unnecessary for us to notice fully an oratorio so well known and so highly appreciated. The chorus was most efficient, and at the word "light," in the first chorus, nobly did its duty. We may mention that Miss Novello, in the song "With verdure clad," indulged in too many cadenzas, which are very properly and severely censured by the Worcester press. Mr. Bennett sung the beautiful conception of Haydn's, "In splendour bright," with great taste and judgment; and Mr. Phillips the aria, "Now Heaven in fullest glory," in a very superior manner. Miss Woodyatt and Mr. Machin sustained the duet between *Adam* and *Eve* very creditably; the whole performance went off with great spirit. The miscellaneous selection consisted of an anthem of Dr. Croft; "If guiltless blood," from Handel's *Susannah*, sung by the *debutante*, Miss Beale, in a simple and unaffected manner; "Lord, to thee each night and day," given beautifully by Miss Hawes; "Total Eclipse," by Mr. Edmunds; "Angels ever bright and fair," by Miss Woodyatt; "Torbida Mar," from Paesliello's *Passione*, very finely sung by Tamburini; "Shall I in Mamre's fertile plain," by Phillips, and "Let the bright Seraphim," by Miss Novello, which was repeated. We must not omit to mention that Harper's accompaniment to this song shone conspicuously. This morning's performance concluded with Handel's magnificent chorus, "Let their celestial concerts all unite," which was given with much precision and effect.

Wednesday Evening.—The concert commenced with Beethoven's magnificent overture to *Egmont*. The principal features of the first act were Callcott's glees,

"With sighs sweet rose;" the ballad, "She wore a wreath of roses," nicely sung by Miss Beale; the amusing duet, "Oh guardate," sung by Tamburini and Persiani with much humour, narrowly escaping its usual fate, an encore. "Non mi dir," from *Don Giovanni*, by Persiani, the finale, "Sola Sola," from the same opera; and a concerto, by Lindley, on the violoncello. The second part consisted of Bellini's duet from *Norma*, "Deh con te," finely given by Persiani and Miss Novello; Phillips' ballad, "Woman," sung by him and encored; the Scotch ballad, "Donald," by Miss Woodyatt, most rapturously encored; "Non pui Andrai," by Tamburini; Bishop's beautiful glee, "Blow gentle gales," in which Miss Hawes's voice contributed much to the effect; and "Prendi per me," by Persiani, who repeated the air "Dove sono," which she had sung at the preceding concert. The instrumental pieces were Rossini's overture to *Guillaume Tell*; Mozart's overture to *Clemenza di Tito*, and a concerto on the violin, by Blagrove, who met with the applause his playing so fully merited. The room was completely filled.

Thursday Morning.—The performance of this morning consisted of Dr. Crotch's fine oratorio of *Palestine*, the words of which are from the pen of the late talented and lamented Bishop Heber. It is the best specimen of oratorio writing of this country, and deserves to be better known than it is at present. The overture, which is divided into three parts, is a fine piece of instrumentation, and went off with excellent effect. Mr. Hunt gave the opening "Reft of thy sons," very expressively, the chorus which is in C minor is delightfully harmonized. The recitative and solo, "Ye guardian saints," was sung by Phillips; it has been one of the standard songs at sacred performances, and is, consequently, more familiar than the rest of the oratorio. The chorus in fugue, "Oh! happy once," was given with precision and excellent effect; Mr. Edmunds gave the solo, "But now thy sons." This solo was more suited to his manner than anything he had previously sung. Miss Clara Novello sang the recitative, "Oh! thou their guide," simply and beautifully, and the following chorus was given with faultless precision. Phillips's "Awe-struck I cease," seemed to breathe a true spirit of devotion. Miss Woodyatt gave the difficult song, "Triumphant race," with much power and discrimination; her shake at the close was faultless. Mr. Bennett sang the beautiful air, "To him were known," admirably, it is a song well adapted to his style. The chorus, "Hence all his might," was not given with that precision which had marked those which preceded it. The duet, "Such the faint echo," by Miss Novello and Mr. Bennett, was sung with great purity of intonation and expression. Machin gave the majestic song, "For thee his iv'ry load Behemoth bore," in a manly unaffected style. The song is admirably adapted to his fine voice. The splendid chorus, "Then the harp awoke," concluded the first part of the oratorio. The second part opens with a noble song, "Did Israel shrink," which Mr. Edmunds gave with vigour and effect. Miss Woodyatt's "E'en they who dragged," was sung in a style every way suited to the plaintive and melancholy spirit of the composition. Her voice is peculiarly adapted to the expression of these sentiments, and harmonized beautifully with the *oboe obbligato* of Cooke. The song describes the desolation of the Babylonish captivity. The quartett, "Lo, Star-led Chiefs," was beautifully given, and its repetition was called for. The chorus, "Daughter of Sion," and the two following ones, were executed with great precision and unanimity. The fugue, "Not armed in flame," especially, was most effectively given, more particularly the last line, "Messiah comes, let furious discord cease." The delightful quartett and chorus, "Be peace on earth," followed, and was sung in the most chaste and refined manner. This also was encored, as such a lovely composition richly merited. Mr. Machin sang the solemn and penitential air, "Are these his limbs," in a manner which at once placed him in a very high school of his art. The chorus, "Be dark, thou Sun," is highly descriptive, and was performed admirably. Miss Beale's "Ye faithful few," was chastely, feelingly, and correctly given. Mr. Phillips sang the beautiful air, "Ah! fruitful now no more," with even more than his usual feeling. It was perfect. The next air, "No more your thirsty rocks," is perhaps the most graceful and effective solo in the work. It was, delightfully given by Clara Novello but for one slight trip, and the introduction of an Italian Opera cadence at the close. "But who is he," is a grand song, and the accom-

paniments are splendid. Justice was rendered to both by Mr. Machin and the band. The sestet, "Lo! cherub bands," was gracefully and beautifully sung. One of the best performances of the morning was Miss Novello's recitative, "And shall not Israel's sons exulting come." It was recited magnificently with the full power of her glorious voice. The Oratorio concluded with the fugue, "Worthy the Lamb," and the "Amen," which for ingenuity of structure will bear comparison with the celebrated one of Handel in the *Messiah*. The Oratorio is essentially Handelian in all its leading features, and with the few slight exceptions named was splendidly performed.

The miscellaneous part of the morning's performance commenced with Haydn's magnificent chorus, "The arm of the Lord was upon them," which was done in most effective style. This was followed by Handel's "Return, O God of Hosts," from *Samson*. Miss Hawes sang it, and in such a manner as to appeal directly to the best and warmest feelings of her hearers. It was a beautiful example of the true and genuine in sacred music, both in matter and manner. Phillips gave Calcott's adaptation of Campbell's "Last Man," with all the feeling and judgment which distinguishes his singing. Cherubini's celebrated "Ave Maria," with an *obligato clarinet* accompaniment was entrusted to Miss Woodyatt and Mr. Willman, and was most efficiently performed. Haydn's "National Hymn," adapted to English words, was excellently given in quartett (and chorus) by Miss Beale, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Vaughan, and Mr. Phillips. Mr. Machin sang the air "He layeth the beams," with great success. Miss Clara Novello excelled herself in "From mighty kings," and elicited an *encore*. The concluding *solo* of the morning was Pergolesi's "Sanctum et terribile," sung by Tamburini, with his peculiar power and flexibility of voice, and with the sound taste and judgment which so eminently distinguish him as an artist. The morning's performance concluded with Beethoven's magnificent finale to his Oratorio of *The Mount of Olives*, to which full justice was done in every respect.

Thursday Evening.—The Concert this evening commenced with Cherubini's celebrated and favourite overture to *Anacreon*, which was well played by the band. A very pleasing duet, "Meet again," (Bishop) was sung by Miss Woodyatt and Miss Hawes. Mr. Blagrove's concerto on the violin served to confirm the favourable opinion of his performance on Tuesday evening. To-night he appeared in the character of "leader." In this department we would recommend him to follow the example of his early master, Mr. François Cramer: in doing so, he will make the professors, both in town and country, his friends. Dr. Wesley's "There be none of Beauty's daughters," is a composition that none but a man of genius and a scientific musician like Dr. Wesley could produce. The composer showed his judgment by intrusting it to the care of Mr. Phillips. The fascinating aria, "Batti, batti," by Madame Persiani, with Mr. Lindley's masterly accompaniment on the violoncello, was delicious. Dr. Callcott's fine glee, "Queen of the valley," was well sung by Miss Hawes, Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Vaughan, and Mr. Machin. The quartetto, "Cielo il mio labbro," from Rossini's opera, *Bianco e Faliero*, sung by Madame Persiani, Miss Clara Novello, Mr. Bennett, and Signor Tamburini, is a pleasing composition, and met with an *encore*. Weber's very clever and characteristic overture to *Oberon* was a brilliant opening of the second part of the evening's entertainment. It was very well performed. Lindley and Dragonetti played a duet of Correlli's, which was much applauded; and Miss Novello sang a selection of melodies. The concert terminated with the National Anthem.

Friday Morning.—The *Messiah* was performed this morning, and the Cathedral was crowded in every part. The length to which our notice of the Festival has extended, will not permit us to enter into the detail of the performance of an oratorio so universally known, and so justly appreciated.

TRIBUTE TO MR. FRANÇOIS CRAMER.

It is with much pleasure that we give insertion to the following address which appeared in the Worcester papers of the past week. We are glad to hear that the highly honourable feelings of the writer, in his wish to pay a just tribute to

the worth and talent of so estimable a member of the profession, are being warmly responded to throughout the county in which Mr. F. Cramer's services as leader of the Festival have been engaged for so many years.

"A friend to those arts which refine the tastes and feelings, and more particularly to merit in every path of life, humbly begs to draw the attention of the public to the remarkable circumstances which are now occurring in our dear city and county of Worcester.

"We are assembled, my friends, to patronise and support a charity highly deserving of encouragement, and for this purpose persons of the first talent in the kingdom are engaged. First, and essentially pre-eminent, appears the highly-gifted leader of the band, Mr. François Cramer. I say first, and essentially so! for of what avail is numerical force without skill to guide and direct? It is now fifty-one years since Mr. Cramer began his career in this cathedral, in the year 1788, under the guidance of his father, who then filled the station, the duties of which since his death (forty years ago) his son has so ably discharged.

"It is one thing to excel on any particular instrument; it is quite a different matter to have the tact and talent to lead and direct a full orchestra like our's. During the period of Mr. F. Cramer's leading at these triennial meetings we have never experienced a failure—no flaw—no breaking down has occurred—all has gone on successfully. Young and inexperienced performers, both vocal and instrumental, have been encouraged, aided, and assisted; and more than one vocalist has owed her success to the leader's skill in covering and aiding defects, which, but for that skill and considerate kindness, would have been apparent, and injurious both to fame and effect. Shall we then, my fellow-citizens and compatriots, permit the fifty-first year of his faithful services, in fact and indeed a jubilee, to pass by unnoticed and unregarded, without presenting to him some little testimony of our gratitude for past services, for pleasures renewed and multiplied here triennially?

"I am old enough to remember the year 1788, when our venerated monarch George the Third, and his virtuous queen, honoured us with their presence; and when Miss Parke was the first vocalist of the day. After her came Mara and Billington, who have never been eclipsed; and our little warbling native bird, Miss Stephens, whose notes, as she crooned and imitated our own dear Philomela, could not be distinguished from the beautiful accompaniment of Mr. Cramer. I hesitate not to assert that the tones he draws from his instrument have never been equalled by any modern genius, how great soever.

"Now then, my friends, I call upon you to aid me in offering a testimony of our admiration and approbation to this good man, whose domestic and private character as a husband, father, and friend, equals his public one. Let us mark our sense of his professional talent and private virtues, by presenting our veteran friend, on his fifty-first year, and seventeenth successive festival, with a solid testimony of our regard and esteem, in a well-filled purse. Such tributes of respect to those who to a high order of talent unite an unblemished character, are not only honourable to public feeling, but may be expected to exercise a wholesome influence over others who are just entering upon a professional career.

R."

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

PARIS.—The Italian Opera will remain for this season at the Odeon, but the minister of the interior has promised that the administration will watch with the greatest interest for the means of transporting the Italian theatre the season after to a better situated house. It will commence on the first of October. Persiani's *Inès de Castro* and Coppola's *Nina* will be produced, in which Madlle. Pauline Garcia will appear.

Donizetti is on the eve of finishing a new opera intended for the Opéra Comique. The *libretto* is said to abound with new and striking ideas, and no doubt the composer will do it ample justice.

The *Martyrs*, a new opera by Donizetti, is about to be rehearsed at the Opera. It is completely finished, and nothing will hinder the preparations for its production. This will be the principal work at the Académie Royale de Musique during the approaching winter, and it will be got up with great splendour. The following artistes—Duprez, Déryvis, Serda, Massol, and Madame Dorus Gras are appointed to fill the principal characters.

A new opera, in three acts, entitled the *Vendetta*, was produced at the Académie on Wednesday evening the 11th instant. The words are the joint production of M.M. Léon and Adolphe, and the music by M. de Ruolz. The scene

is laid in Corsica, and the story originates in the implacable hatred of two families of ancient origin, the Matéo and the Spalazzi. This was the first operatic production of M. de Ruolz, already well known as the composer of several minor works. The singers were Madlle. Nathan, Massol, Alizir, and Madame Vivement. Almost all the best songs in the opera are in the third act amongst them may be mentioned a cavatina sung by Madlle. Nathan, an air by Duprez (whose part was quite unsuited to his voice) and a duet by Levasseur and Madlle. Nathan. The overture is much too noisy, and throughout the opera the composer has depended too much upon the trombones and enharmonic modulations to produce all the effects he intended; notwithstanding this the opera does M. de Ruolz much credit. At the close, the composer and singers were called for and appeared before the curtain to receive the plaudits of the house.

BERLIN.—The pianist G. N. Wysocki was heard by a small audience at a *sorée* given by himself, when he played an adagio and rondo, by Chopin, a *divertissement* by Liszt, and some "Krakowiaken," of his own composition. He met with much applause, which, indeed, was due to his energetic style and his facility; but he marks single notes too strongly. M. Nagel, of Stockholm, a good violinist, played, likewise, with much applause at the Theatre Royal. His tone is good, and his intonation always pure, though it is in harmonic passages and *pizzicato à la Paganini*, that he chiefly distinguishes himself. Zelter's *Liedertafel*,* at Berlin, and the one at Potsdam, met at the *Schützenhaus*, at Potsdam, on the 8th and 29th of June, under the united direction of their respective masters M. M. Rungenhagen and Schärtlich, to form one vocal party. Some new songs had been written and composed expressly for the occasion, and these were sung partly by the members of each society separately, and partly by both societies together. On the second day visitors and ladies attended, and a musical water-party concluded the jovial solemnity. On the evening of the 28th of June, M. Schneider's vocal society celebrated the marriage of the singer Böttcher (who is one of their members) with the dancer Bertha Schulz. This celebration took place at Potsdam, and preceded the wedding-day.

M. Neithardt, who has done great services in the reformation of military and church music, has been appointed Royal Musical Director. M. Gell has taken the place of organist of the cathedral, left vacant by the death of M. Helling, and M. Haupt has been elected organist of the Nicolai-church.

A new tenor, M. Dohowsky, of Frankfort, and M. Franke, of Weimar, have been engaged at the Königsstadt Theatre, which, however, is still in want of a female singer.

COPENHAGEN.—The theatrical season terminated with a new opera called *Sarah*, composed by the young Baron Lövenskiöld. One party at Copenhagen maintained that there was nothing in the work, while others, though they acknowledged that there were grammatical defects, found that it possessed so much life and spirit, that they urged its representation. The *libretto* is unfortunately tedious, for the piece is in two acts, the first of which lasts an hour and three quarters, and nothing of importance happens in either. At the second representation the house was thinly attended, although the acting of Mme. Ueiberg, who is a most distinguished actress, but an indifferent singer, was loudly applauded.

FRANKFORT.—M. Gollmich of this place, who has written a new text to Mozart's *Zaïde*, has received from the composer's widow two valuable original MSS. by Mozart, besides a letter of thanks.

RÖTHA.—On the 17th of July the "Teacher's Society" held their second festival. A prelude by the organist, M. Pohle, introduced the choral "*Aus meines Herzens Gründe*," which was beautifully sung by one hundred and fifty male voices. The *Te Deum*, by Witzel and Schicht, F. F. Schneider's hymn, "Jehovah dir frohlockt der König!" and Rinck's variations on the organ completed the first part. In the second, Reissiger's hymn, "Erfreuender Gedanke," the *Kyrie* and *Gloria*, from Julian Otto's Mass, a movement on the organ played

* "*Liedertafel*," which literally means "song-table," is a name given to those societies, who meet at table and sing songs, often of a convivial kind. Songs are composed and arranged expressly for concerts of this sort, which are formed for the amusement of the singers themselves, and to which the admission of an audience is by no means a matter of course.—ED.

by the organist Becher, a duet for tenor and bass, by Julian Otto, "Wie wohl ist mir, O Treund der Seelen," and a Whitsuntide cantata, composed by Hössler, "Macht Bahn dem Gottesgeist," were well executed. The next vocal festival is to be solemnized in the church at Schönefeld.

BRIXEN.—A musical *Academia* for the benefit of the Mozart monument went off with great success. M. J. A. Ladurner, brother of him who lately died at Paris, played a fantasia on a theme from the overture to *Don Juan*, and excited universal applause.

THE BAYADERE HUMBUG.—The *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* thus speaks of the performances of the Bayaderes in Prussia, "The Indian Bayaderes, first at the Königstadt Theatre in Berlin, and afterwards in Potsdam, and at the Royal Opera-house, (*O tempora! O mores!*) went through their monotonous, tasteless pantomimes, and 'quasi-dances,' as indeed they are no more, whatever may be their historical interest. The tin toy trumpets with their squeaking unison, together with the rest of the 'Hindoo original instrumental accompaniment,' are enough to rend the ears."

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The editors of the M. W. are therefore not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain, beyond what their editorial signature is appended to.]

BRIGHTON.—Thalberg's concert, on Monday evening, was crowded to excess; not a nook in the great Newbury Room was unoccupied, and his performance was highly applauded. The singers were Miss S. Hobbs, of Bath, Ivanoff, and Parry, jun.

CHELTHAM.—Mr. H. C. Cooper's Benefit Concert on Saturday evening, the 7th inst., at the Old Wells Pump Room, was attended, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, by a most respectable audience, to whom performances, which were all highly meritorious, afforded very general satisfaction. The vocalists consisted of Mme. Roeckel, Miss Sullivan, Mr. Sapio, Mr. Uglow, and Mr. Roeckel; and the instrumentalists, of Mr. Cooper, Mr. Sedlatzek, Mr. Cianchettini, who presided, and Miss Roeckel, all of whom acquitted themselves with great credit. The last-mentioned young lady, who on this occasion made her first appearance before a Cheltenham audience, performed a concerto on the pianoforte in a style of excellence truly astonishing for one so young.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ORGANISTS.—We beg to direct the attention of our professional readers to an advertisement contained in the present number for an organist to St. Patrick's Catholic Chapel, Belfast. The organ, which is a very large and powerful instrument, consisting of three rows of keys, two octaves of pedals, and an infinite number of stops, of which there are as many as ten in the swell, is now building at the factory of Messrs. Gray and Son, in the New Road; and the situation, besides a fine instrument, holds out the advantages of what the *Northern Whig* newspaper describes as an "admirable field for tuition."

STRAUSS is not dead, but in the height of his glory. His recent performances have created an unheard-of degree of excitement at Vienna, and added additional laurels to the composer's fame. In fact, at the late *fête* given at Vienna, and at Mr. Strauss's *soirées* and benefit concerts he was compelled to repeat his new waltzes *five times* during each evening. The Vienna papers state that these new waltzes surpass, in beauty and originality of invention, all his other compositions.

SPOHR is staying with the Mayor of Norwich during the festival; his reception by the band, at the rehearsal on Monday last, was most enthusiastic.

MOSCHELES, who has been rusticated at Boulogne for some time, is going to Paris for a couple of months.

A NEW TENOR of the name of Vernon, a pupil of T. Welsh, and a singer of much promise, is to make his *débüt* at Drury Lane, which will open with the *Fairy Lake*, but not with Auber's music.

BENEDICT'S OPERA, *The Gipsy's Warning*, is to be performed at Frankfort, Darmstadt, Stuttgart, and Munich.

DE BERIOR is going to Vienna, Warsaw, and Petersburg, by special invitation, to give concerts.

THALBERG goes to Ireland the beginning of October, where he will give concerts at several of the principal towns; he will be accompanied by Mr. and Madame Balfe, where the former is a great favourite, and where the superior singing of his *cara sposa* cannot fail to find admirers.

MISS CLARA NOVELLO.—The simple affair of a few boys and girls endeavouring to catch a sight of this celebrated vocalist as she went to the rehearsal at Worcester, has been magnified into a desperate assault by the London and Provincial press. Miss Novello has liberally presented twenty guineas to the charity.

THE QUEEN has been most graciously pleased to appoint Mr. Robert Cocks Music-publisher to Her Majesty.

BALFE'S speculation at the Lyceum proved a failure. Mr. Arnold received 100*l.* a-week for the use of the theatre, exclusive of all other expenses; it is said that some of the principal singers engaged in the spec. received only 4*l.* for six weeks' services; but every one extols the liberal conduct of Balfe.

MR. RODWELL is forming an operatic company for the Adelphi Theatre; proposals have been made to Miss Romer, Mr. Allen, and others to join it.

MUSIC IN TURKEY.—Italian music has become the rage among the Mussulmans, and there is now a brilliant Italian opera at Constantinople. The large and splendid theatre is crowded nightly, notwithstanding the high prices of admission, which vary from two to ten piastres (from eight to forty shillings); and the Turks, notwithstanding their usual habit of going to bed with the fowls, sit motionless till the end of the entertainment, which is often past midnight. The late Sultan Mahmoud sometimes honoured this theatre with his presence, and had Italian operas performed within the seraglio, before the ladies of his court. The vocal company is described as good, and occasionally containing distinguished performers. One of them, Signora Edolina Fritsche, a young and handsome Milanese, gives lessons in singing to young Turkish ladies of fashion, and makes her rounds of professional visits in a magnificent litter, richly fitted up with crimson velvet and gold, carried by four black slaves, and preceded and followed by eight others. Among the pieces performed have been Bellini's *Straniera*, Meyerbeer's *Crociato in Egitto*, and Rossini's *Italiana in Algeri*; but, as may be supposed, the *libretti* are strangely altered to suit Turkish ideas. For example, the *Italiana in Algeri* terminates with the marriage of *Isabella* and the *Dey*; and the punishment of poor *Taddeo*, who receives the bastinado on the soles of his feet, drew shouts of applause (the Turks do not laugh) from the audience.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Subscriber to the Musical World" is informed that we cannot answer his question without knowing the name of the party supplying him. Arrangements are in progress which, when completed, will ensure the punctual delivery of our Publication, throughout the Metropolis, on Thursday Evenings.

By-the-by we shall feel much obliged if our correspondents will pay the postage of their letters, and address them to the Editor, without which, no attention will be paid to their contents.

We have to thank Messrs. Bossey and Co. for "Forkel's Life of Bach." The information sent therewith of the reduction of its price from Six to Four Shillings, will no doubt be interesting to our readers.

We will make inquiries respecting the music Mr. Barrett states he sent us for review; our own impression is that we have never received it.

NOTICE.

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